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Songs of The Sea

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SONGS OF THE SEA

FOR USE IN THE

UNITED STATES NAVY

U. S. MARINE CORPS

AND

U. S. MERCHANT MARINE

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

FREDERICK WELD

Y. M. C. A. SECRETARY FOR
MUSIC IN THE NAVY

Published for the
MUSIC BUREAU
NATIONAL WAR WORK COUNCIL OF
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS,
by
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FOREWORD

Those who have particularly interested themselves in music as a wartime activity realized early in the war the urgent need of bringing together an adequate collection of the real songs of the sea, — songs that interpret the spirit and traditions of the sailor, arranged in a singable manner and bound in convenient form for general use.

In seeking out and arranging this collection, we were fortunate to secure the services of Mr. Frederick Weld. Mr. Weld, for many years a singer of national reputation and, at the time of his volunteering in war work, Professor of Music at Connecticut College, has always been a great lover of ships and the sea, so he entered upon his new task with enthusiasm. This collection is the result of his labors. In many cases the music has been difficult to obtain, and sometimes you may find old songs arranged in a slightly different way from the traditional version. Our object has been to produce a practical, useful edition of songs and for that reason they are frequently arranged with piano accompaniments, and a few have been printed in male quartet form, but in these the melody has been preserved at a pitch suitable for the average group of voices so they may be sung in unison when desired. The same object has been kept in mind in the arrangements of the hymns included.

We shall appreciate criticism or corrections. We would also be glad to receive information as to where we can secure for future editions of this book the music and words of sea songs which are not included here and which would be valuable in such a collection.

We desire to express our gratitude to Mr. Seth Bingham for his arrangements of the songs and chanteys and to Mr. William Armour Thayer for his assistance in the harmonization of the hymns for male voices; also to those publishers and composers who have generously allowed us to reprint their music.

MARSHALL M. BARTHOLOMEW,
Director Y. M. C. A. Music Bureau.

New York City, January, 1919.

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*** Song Slides for the words of the songs marked * for use with moving picture machine or stereopticon may be obtained upon application to the Y. M. C. A. Music Bureau, 347 Madison Ave., New York City.**

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SONGS OF THE SEA

America

S. F. Smith, D.D. — Fr. Dr. J. Bull

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee— Land of the no - ble, free—
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

cres.

Pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

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The Star-Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY — JOHN STAFFORD SMITH

Con spirito f

1. Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. Oh! thus be it ev - er when free men shall stand Be - tween their loved

f

hail'd at the twi-light's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the

per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly
heav'n-res - cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre - serv'd us a

stream-ing? And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave
na - tion! Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And

CHORUS.

proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled
this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled ban-ner in

poco rit. *a tempo* *poco rit.*

ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

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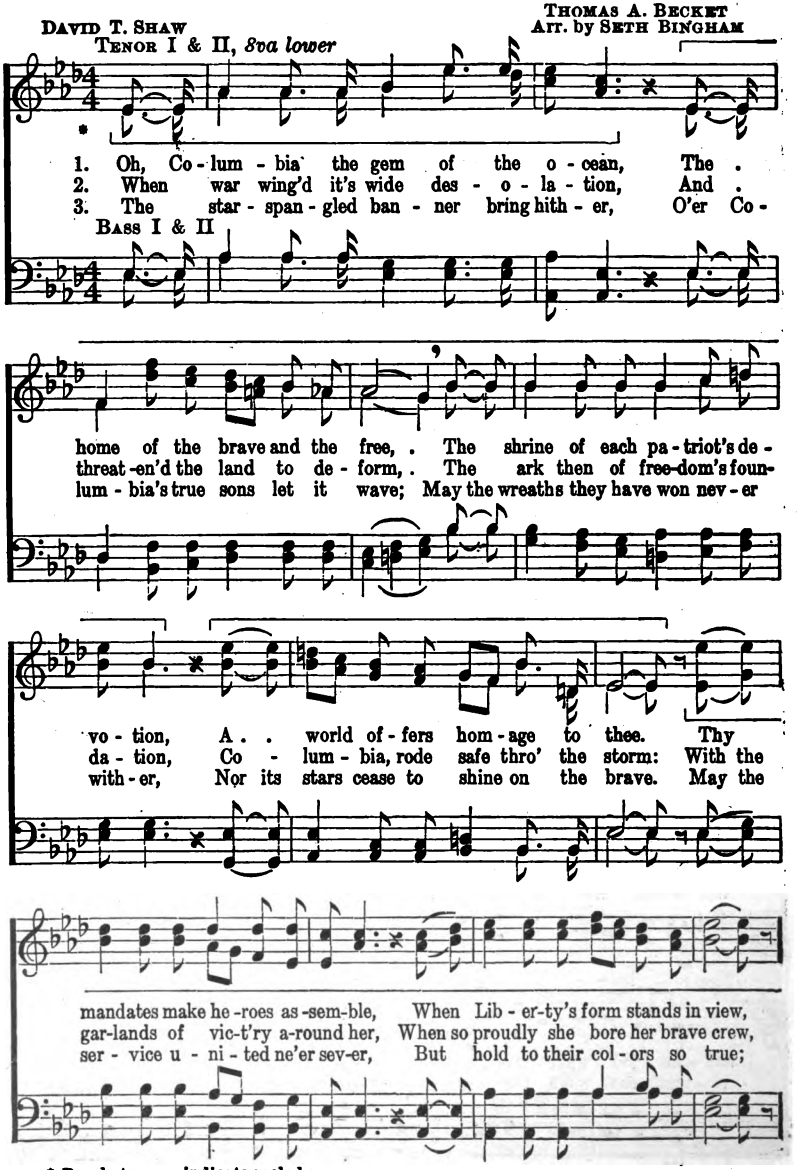
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean



* Brackets ⌊___⌋ indicate melody

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Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

Thy ban - ners make tyr- an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, When
With her flag proud-ly float-ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, The
The ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three

Hip Hip Hur-rah!

Hip Hip Hurrah!

borne by the red, white and blue, Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
boast of the red, white and blue, With her flag proud - ly float-ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
cheers for the red, white and blue, The ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

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Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE
TENOR I & II, *8va lower*
Melody in 1ST BASS

WM. STEFFE
ARR. by WM. ARMOUR THAYER

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is
2. He has sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is
3. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

tramp -ling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg- ment- seat; Oh, be
glo - ry in His bo - som that trans-fig - ures you and me; As He

loosed the fateful lightning of His ter-ri - ble swift sword! His truth is marching on.
swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju-bi-lant,my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
died to make men ho-ly, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march -ing on.

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Bring Back My Bonnie

Arr. by Seth Bingham

Tenor I & II, *8va lower*. *Melody in* 2d Tenor

1. My Bon-nie lies o-ver the o - cean, My Bon-nie lies o -ver the sea; My
2. Last night as I lay on my pil -low, Last night as I lay on my bed, Last
3. Then blow, ye winds, over the o - cean, Then blow, ye winds, o-ver the sea; Then

Bass I & II

Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, O bring back my Bonnie to me.
night as I lay on my pil - low, I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead.
blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, And bring back my Bonnie to me.

Bring back, bring back, Bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me;

Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bon - nie to me. . .

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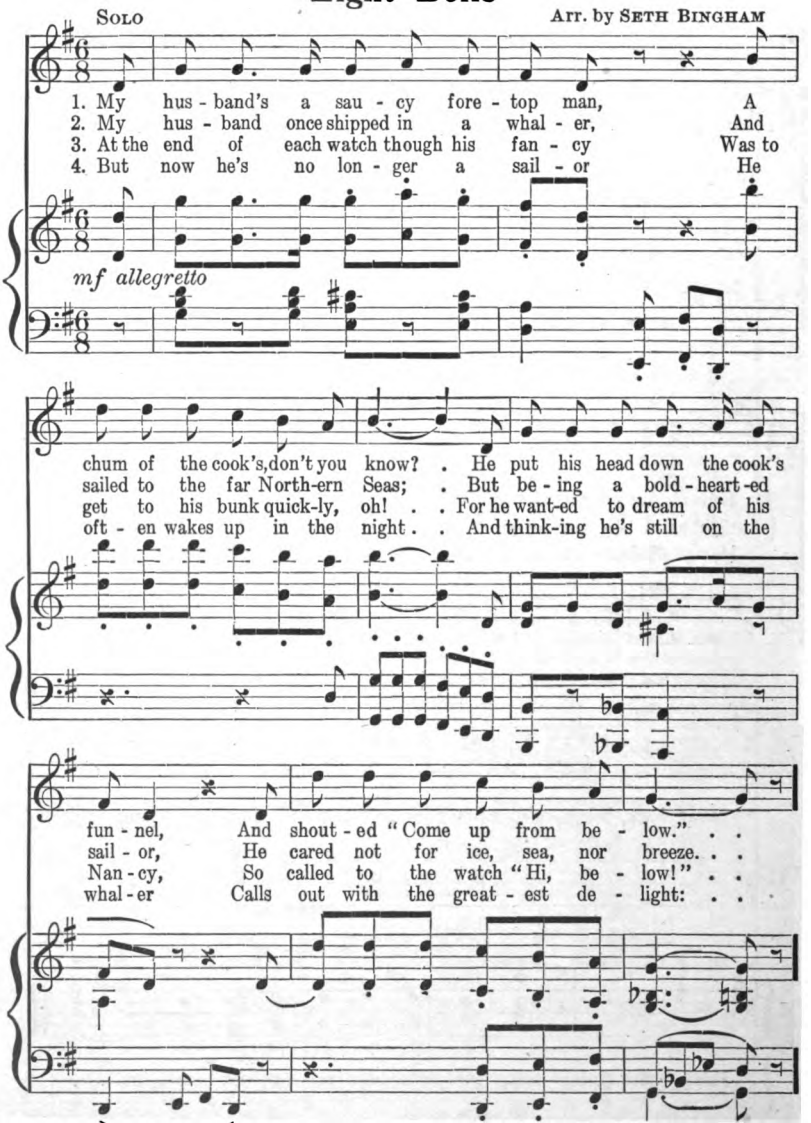
Eight Bells*



* Watches on ships are of four hours duration,— one blow is struck on the bell for each half hour, i. e., one blow for the first, two for the second, and so on, until the end of the four hours, which is eight bells; the watches are then changed.

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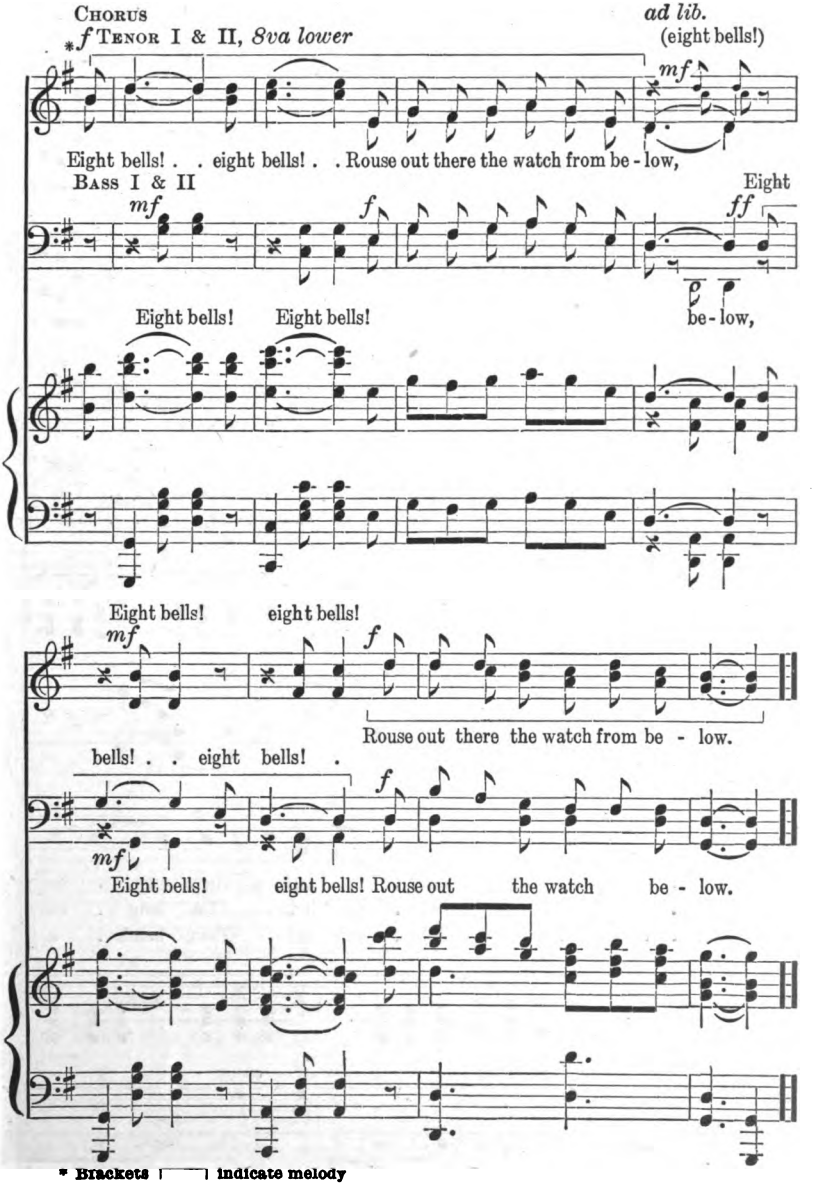
Eight Bells



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Nancy Lee

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY, M.A. STEPHEN ADAMS

With spirit

f *ff*

:S:

1. Of all . the wives as e'er you know, . . . Yeo
har - bor's past, the breez-es blow, . . . Yeo
bo' - s'n pipes the watch be-low, . . . Yeo

ff *p*

ho! . lads, ho! Yeo ho! . yeo ho! There's none . like
ho! . lads, ho! Yeo ho! . yeo ho! 'Tis long . ere
ho! . lads, ho! Yeo ho! . yeo ho! Then here's . a

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Nancy Lee

Nan - cy Lee, I trow, . . . Yeo ho! lads, ho! . yeo ho!
we come back, I know, . . . Yeo ho! lads, ho! . yeo ho!
health a-fore we go, ... Yeo ho! lads, ho! . yeo ho!

f

See, there she stands an' waves her hands up - on . the quay, An'
But true an' bright from morn till night my home will be, An'
A long, long life to my sweet wife, and mates at sea; An'

p

ev - 'ry day when I'm a-way she'll watch for me, An' whis - per low, when
all so neat, an' snug, an' sweet for Jack at sea, An' Nan-cy's face to
keep our bones from Da-vy Jones, wher-e'er we be, An' may you meet a

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Nancy Lee

rall.

tem-pests blow, for Jack at sea, Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!
bless the place, an' wel - come me, Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!
mate as sweet as Nan - cy Lee, Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!

rall.

a tempo

The sail - or's wife the sail - or's star . shall be, Yeo

p a tempo

ho . we go a - cross the sea, The sail - or's wife the sail-or's

f

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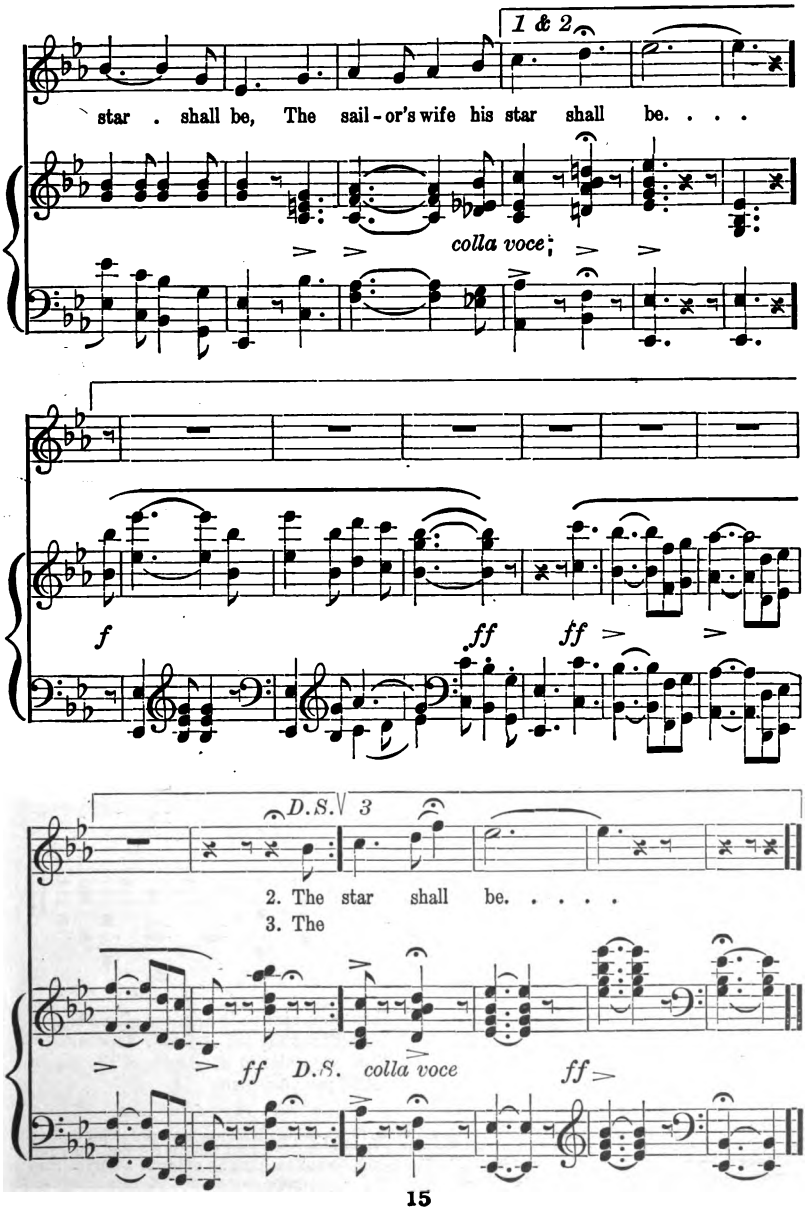
Nancy Lee



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The Dead Horse*

Arr. by Seth Bingham

Solo — Chorus

1. They say, "my horse is dead and gone," And they say so, and they
2. For one long month I rode him hard, And they say so, and they
3. If he's not dead I'll ride him again, And they say so, and they
4. But if he's dead I'll bury him low, And they say so, and they

Allegro

mf — *f*

Solo

hope so! They say, "my horse is dead and gone"; Oh! poor old man.
hope so! For one long month I rode him hard; Oh! poor old man.
hope so! If he's not dead, I'll ride him again; Oh! poor old man.
hope so! But if he's dead I'll bury him low; Oh! poor old man.

mf — *f*

5 I'll hoist him to the mainyard-arm,
And they say so, and they hope so!
I'll hoist him to the mainyard-arm;
Oh! poor old man.

6 Then drop him to the depths of the sea,
And they say so, and they hope so!
Then drop him to the depths of the sea,
Oh! poor old man.

* Sailors receive one month's wages in advance before sailing on a long voyage. The money is usually spent before leaving port. Consequently they work the first month for nothing, and this is called "working up the dead horse." The ceremony of burying an effigy of a horse often accompanies the singing of this chantey.

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Mistress Shady

Arr. by Seth Bingham

Tenor I & II, *8va lower*

* O Mis-tress Sha-dy She is a la-dy; She has a

Bass I & II

daugh-ter whom I a-dore Each day I court her,

more and more.

more and more.

I mean the daugh-ter, ev-'ry Sun-day, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,

ev-'ry

ev-'ry

Thurs-day, Fri-day, Sat-ur-day, Sun-day af-ter-noon at half past four!

* Brackets [ ] indicate melody.

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Sailing

GODFREY MARKS

Con spirito

f

1. Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free, A pleas-ant gale is on our lee; And
2. The sai - lor's life is bold and free, His home is on the roll-ing sea; And
3. The tide is flow-ing with the gale, Y'heave ho! my lads, set ev-'ry sail; The

cres.

soon a - cross the o - cean clear Our gal - lant barque shall brave - ly
nev - er heart more true or brave Than he . who launch - es on . the
har - bour bar we soon shall clear, Fare-well once more to home so

steer. But ere we part from Freedom's shores to-night A song we'll
wave. A - far he speeds in dis-tant climes to roam, With jo - cund
dear. For when the tem - pest ra - ges loud and long, That home shall

p

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Sailing

f

sing for home and beauty bright. Then here's to the sailor, and here's to the hearts so
song he rides the sparkling foam. Then here's to the sailor, and here's to the hearts so
be our guiding star a - mong. Then here's to the sailor, and here's to the hearts so

f

ad lib.

true, Who will think of him upon the waters blue. Sail-ing, sail-ing over the bounding

colla voce *p*

main, For many a stormy wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home again. Sail - ing,

f

ad lib.

sailing over the bounding main, For many a stormy wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home again.

colla voce *D.C.*

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The Mermaid

Melody in 2D TENOR, *8va lower*

1. 'Twas Fri - day morn when we set sail, And we were not far from the land, When the cap - tain spied a love-ly mermaid, With a comb and a glass in her hand.
2. Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship, And a well-spoken man was he; "I have mar - ried a wife in Sa - lem town, And to-night she a widow will be."
3. Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship, And a red hot cook was he; "I care much more for my kettles and my pots, Than I do for the depths of the sea."
4. Then three times around went our gallant ship, And three times around went she, Then three times a - round went our gal - lant ship, And she sank to the depths of the sea.

CHORUS

Oh, the o - cean waves may roll, And the storm-y winds may blow, While we poor sai - lors go skip-ping to the tops, And the land - lub - bers lie down be - low, be - low, be - low, And the land - lub - bers lie down be - low.

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Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

J. P. KNIGHT
Arr. by SETH BINGHAM

EMMA WILLARD
TENOR I & II, *8va lower*

1. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep.
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine,

BASS I & II

*

Se-cure I rest up-on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
Or tho' the tempest's fie-ry breath Roused me from sleep to wreck and death,

I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
In o-cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal-i-ty.

REFRAIN

And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep;

p *rall.*

And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

* Brackets ⌐¬ indicate melody

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Old Man Noah

THE ORIGINAL SAILOR

Arr. by MARSHALL BARTHOLOMEW

MELODY

TENOR I & II, *8va lower*

mp

1. A-way, 'way back in the a-ges dark, A-way, 'way back in the a - ges dark,
2. Said old man No-ah to his wife one day, Said old man No-ah to his wife one day, "There's a
3. The rain came down in show-ers prime, The rain came down in show-ers prime, The
4. And ev'- ry day at half past three, And ev'-ry day at half past three,

f BASSES I & II

mp

Old man Noah built a sea-go-ing ark, Old man No-ah built a sea-go-ing ark;
big storm coming on the first of May, There's a big storm coming on the first of May." So he
ark lit out on sched-ule time, The ark lit out on sched-ule time; And
Noah play'd poker with the chim-pan-zee, Noah play'd poker with the chimpanzee, Said the

f

sf

Old man Noah had his ner-vous spells When he had to listen to the an -i - mals' yells,
gathered all his fam -i - ly and made this remark, "The sky is get-ting cloud-y, and it's get-ting rath-er dark,
as they near'd the Coney Is-land shore, The li - on set up an aw - ful roar.
ring - tail'd monk, "I sore-ly grieve, To make a hol-ler be - fore I leave,

mf *mp* *sf*

mf *poco rit.* *f* *a tempo*

But when an-y-thing was doing he was there with bells, He was a grand old sail-or.
So gath-er, all ye an-i-mals, and beat it to the ark, It's go-ing to rain to - mor-row."
"Shut up!" says No-ah, says the li-on, "I'm sore, You're going to sell us to Ringling's."
But No-ah has a full house up his sleeve, He's go-ing to hand us a lem-on."

mf *poco rit.* *a tempo* *f*

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Old Man Noah

CHORUS

f *mf* *ff*

Old man Noah knew a thing or two, He made 'em all play ball.

f *mp* *ff*

Old man No-ah, No-ah knew a thing or two, thing or two, No-ah made 'em all play

f *mf* *mp*

Old man No-ah knew a thing or two, be-cause he knew thing or two, he

f *mf* *mp*

ball— No-ah knew a thing or two, thing or two, because he knew a thing or two, he

ff *mp*

tho't he knew it all. Some say he was an "al - so ran" He was th'o-rig - i -nal

ff *mp*

Some say No - ah was th'o-rig- i -nal, o - rig - i - nal

f *ff*

cir - cus man. Old man No-ah knew a thing or two, He was a grand old man.

f *ff*

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Tarpaulin Jacket

Melody in 2D TENOR

1. Wrap me up in my tar-pau-lin jack-et, . And say a poor duf-fer lies low, Bid
2. And then get six jol - ly fore -top -men . And let them a-rol-lick-ing go, And
3. And then bring me two big white holystones,[1] And place them at head and at toe, En -

six jol - ly sea-men to car-ry me, With steps mournful, measured and slow.
drink down a six gal - lon meas - ure To the health of the duf- fer be - low. *
grave on them this su - per - scrip - tion, "Here lies a poor duf - fer be - low."*

* Repeat first verse as chorus.

[1] Stones used for cleaning ships' decks are called holy-stones.

A WORD ABOUT CHANTEYS

It should be borne in mind that chanteys are really the folk songs of the sea and were sung in the days of sailing ships chiefly to stimulate the men while at work. Their pronounced rhythmic characteristics also served to get a "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether." They were sung in unison without accompaniment, the parts marked "chorus" being a response by those of the crew engaged in the work of the moment. A good chanteyman could improvise words suitable for any occasion, and often this means was taken to acquaint the Captain of the desires, complaints, or compliments of the crew. A few snappy verses, reciting the exploits of a ship's crew or achievements in a certain branch of the service, may be added at any time to make a chantey up to date and popular.

With the passing of the sailing ship, chantey songs have largely gone out of use, except as sailors still sing them for pleasure and recreation. It is in this connection that we hope the chantey may be preserved and remain a source of joy and inspiration to the sailor of the future as well as to all lovers of the sea.

FREDERICK WELD.

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Leave Her, Johnnie*

Arr. by Seth Bingham

Solo — Chorus

1. I thought I heard the skip - per say, Leave her, John - nie, leave her!
2. The work was hard, the voyage was long, Leave her, John - nie, leave her!
3. The food was bad, the wa - ges low, Leave her, John - nie, leave her!
4. The sails are furled, our work is done, Leave her, John - nie, leave her!

Moderato

mf *f*

Solo — Chorus

"To - mor - row you will get your pay," It's time for us to leave her.
The seas were high, the gales were strong, It's time for us to leave her.
But now a - shore a - gain we'll go, It's time for us to leave her.
And now on shore, we'll have our fun, It's time for us to leave her.

mf *f*

Let Us Sing

(ROUND)

1 2

All to - geth - er let us sing. Let us make the wel - kin ring.

3 4

Sai - lor-men, sai-lor-men, sai - lor-men sing. Sing, sing, ev - 'ry-bod - y sing.

*Sung when getting into port and preparatory to leaving the vessel.

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As Off to the South'ard We Go

Arr. by Seth Bingham

Solo (Chorus *ad lib.*)

1. The wind is free, and we're bound for sea, Heave a-way cheer-i-ly, oh, oh!
2. We want sailors bold, who can work for their gold, Heave a-way cheer-i-ly, oh, oh!
3. The sailor is true to his Sal or his Sue, Heave a-way cheer-i-ly, oh, oh!

Chorus Tenors I & II, *8va lower*

Heave a-way cheer-i-ly, oh, oh!

Basses I & II

Allegro

mf *f*

Solo

The lass-es are wav-ing to you and to me, As
And stand a good wet-ting with-out catch-ing cold, As
As long as he's a-ble to keep 'em in view, As

mf

off to the South'ard we go, As off to the South'ard we go!

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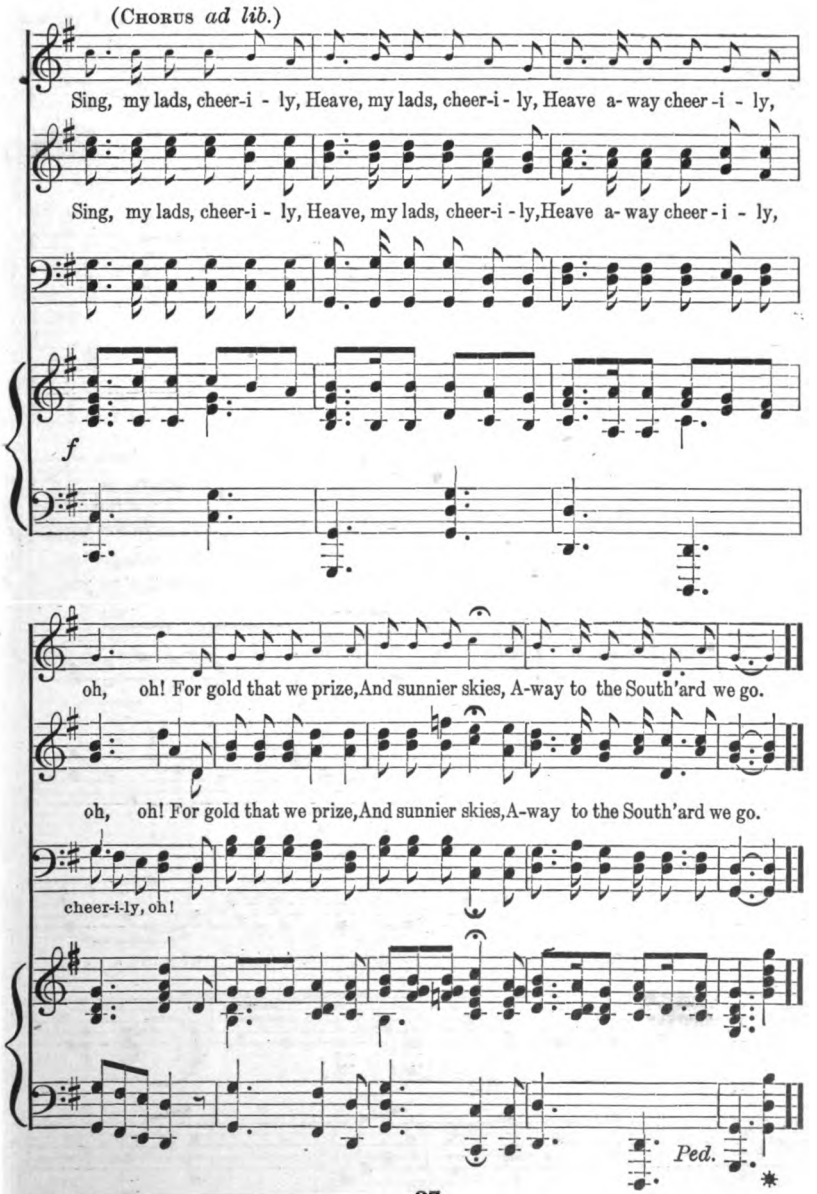
As Off to the South'ard We Go



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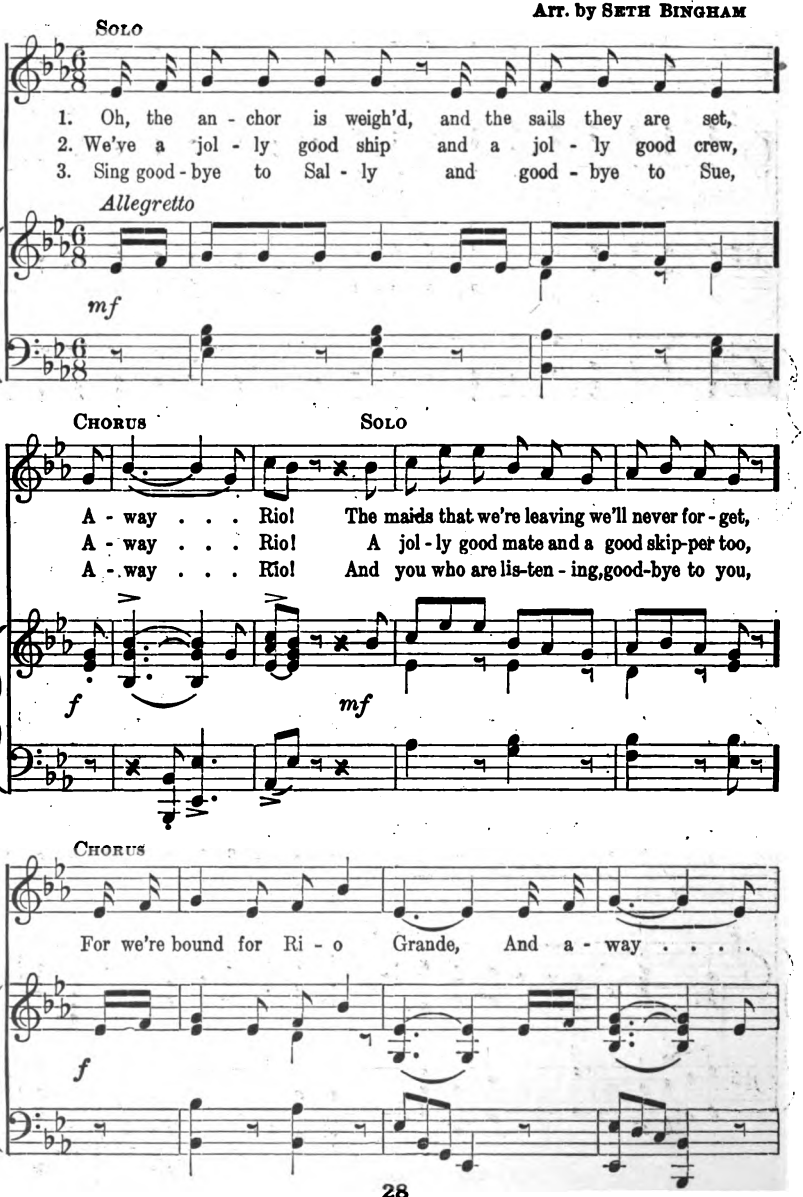
Away for Rio

Arr. by Seth Bingham



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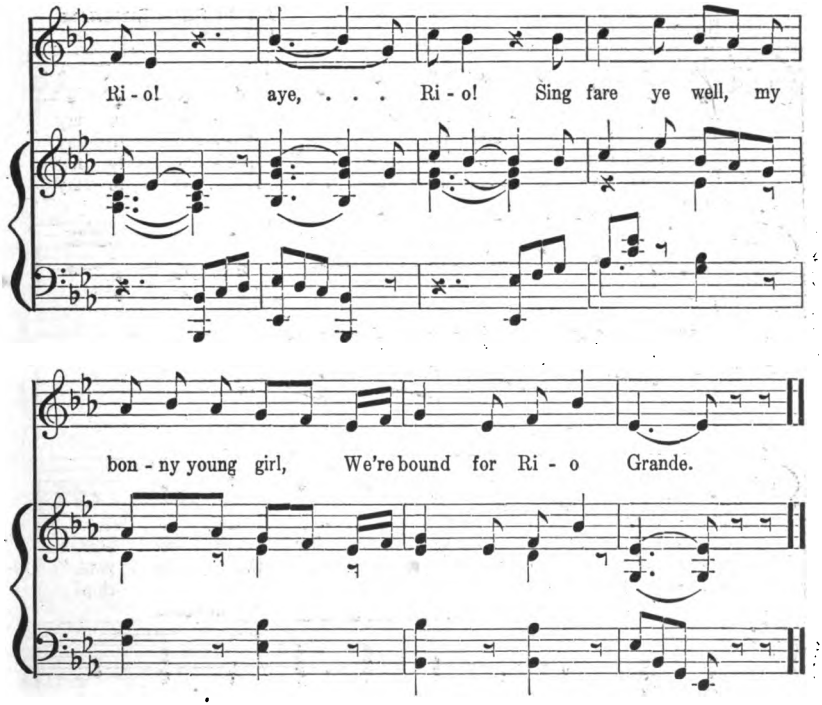
Away for Rio



4 Heave only one pawl[1] then 'vast[2] heaving, belay![3]
Away — Rio!
Heave steady, because we say farewell to-day,
For we're bound for Rio Grande.
And away Rio, aye Rio!
Sing fare ye well, my bonny young girl,
We're bound for Rio Grande.

5 "The chain's up and down now the Boatswain did say,"
Away — Rio!
"Heave up to the hawse pipe[4] the anchor's a weigh,"
For we're bound for Rio Grande.
And away — Rio, aye Rio!
Sing fare ye well, my bonny young girl,
We're bound for Rio Grande.

[1] Short pieces of iron fitted to the cog-wheels of a capstan, windlass, or winch, to prevent them turning back.
[2] Stop.
[3] To make fast.
[4] The holes in the ship's bow through which the anchor cable runs.

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Hoodah Day

Arr. by Seth Bingham

Solo

Chorus

1. As I was walk - ing down the street, Hoo - dah, to my
2. The girl was sweet and fair to view, Hoo - dah, to my
3. I said, "Fair maid - en, how d'ye do?" Hoo - dah, to my
4. I asked then if she'd take a trip, Hoo - dah, to my

Allegretto

mf *f*

Solo

hoo - dah; A charm - ing girl I chanced to meet,
hoo - dah; Her hair so brown, her eyes so blue,
hoo - dah; "Quite well, sir, no thanks to you!"
hoo - dah; A - down the docks to see a ship?

mf

Chorus

Hoo - dah, hoo - dah day. Blow, ye winds, heigh - ho, for

f *f*

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Hoodah Day

Cal - i - for - nia O'; There's plen - ty of gold, so

I've been told, On the banks of Sac - ra - men - to.

5 "No thank you, sir, I will not go,"
Hoodah, to my hoodah;
"I thank you, but must answer no!"
Hoodah, hoodah day.
Blow, ye winds, etc.

6 "My love is young, my love is true,"
Hoodah, to my hoodah;
"I would not leave my love for you!"
Hoodah, hoodah day.
Blow, ye winds, etc.

7 So, quickly then I strode away,
Hoodah, to my hoodah;
I'd not another word to say,
Hoodah, hoodah day.
Blow, ye winds, etc.

8 Sing and heave, and heave and sing,
Hoodah, to my hoodah;
Heave and make the handspikes[1] spring,
Hoodah, hoodah day.
Blow, ye winds, etc.

1 Heavy wooden bars for heaving on the capstan.

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Hame, Dearie, Hame

Arr. by Seth Bingham

Solo

1. I stand on deck, my dear - ie, and in my fan - cy see The fa - ces of the loved
2. The clouds are floating steady, the wind is blow - ing free; I'll spread each sail unto the
3. O dear - ie, I am com - ing, the wavelets gen - tly sigh, O dear - ie, I am waiting

Moderato

ones that smile a - cross the sea; Yes, the fa - ces of the loved ones, but
gale, and sail a - cross the sea. I'll . . sail a - cross the sea, and thy
now, the ech - oes quick re - ply; As a - cross the bounding bil - low my

'midst them all so clear, I see the one I love the best—your bonnie face, my dear.
love shall be my guide; And soon I'll be safe moored at home, and by my dearie's side.
ship is sail - ing free, For it's hame, my dearie, hame, for it's there I want to be.

Boosey & Co. Used by permission

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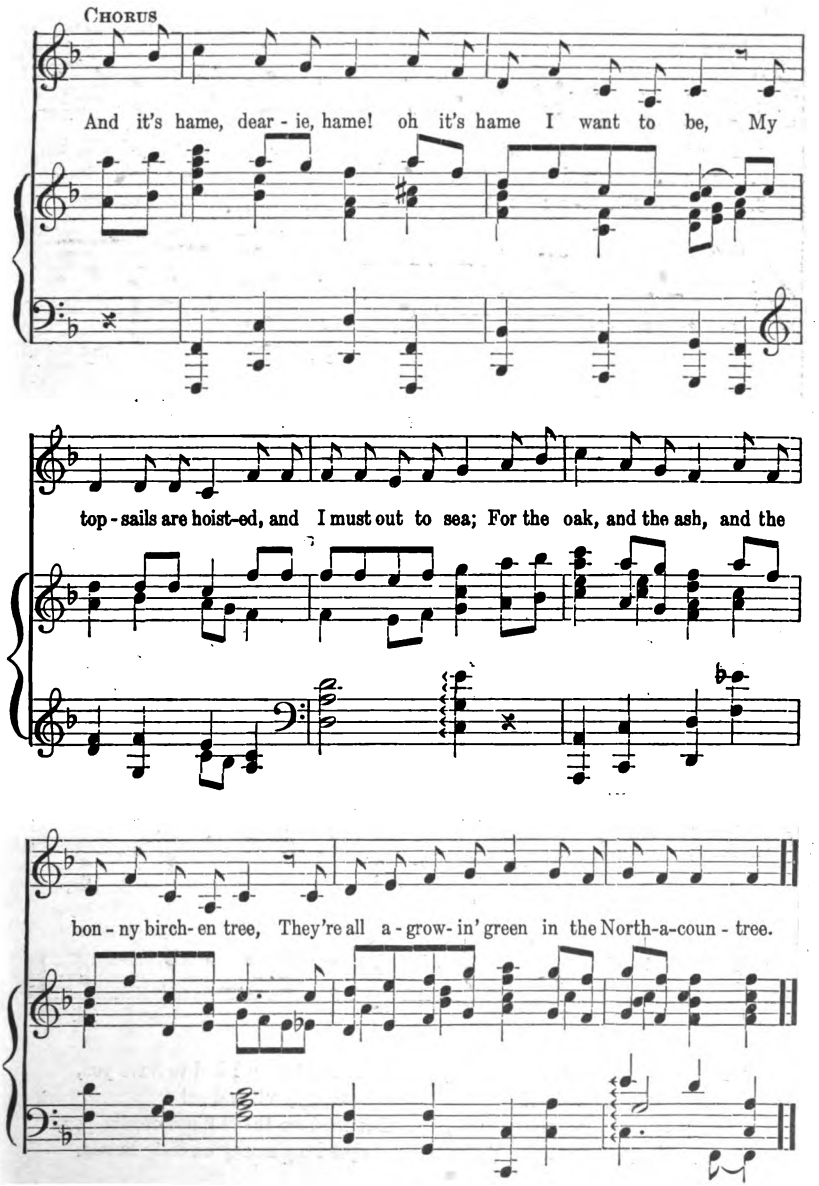
Hame, Dearie, Hame



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Sally Brown

Arr. by Seth Bingham

Solo — Chorus — Solo

1. I love a maid a - cross the wa - ter, Aye, aye, roll and go! She is
2. Seven long years I court - ed Sal - ly, Aye, aye, roll and go! She
3. Sal - ly's teeth are white and pearl - y, Aye, aye, roll and go! Her

Allegro — *mf* — *f* — L.H. — *mf*

Chorus

Sal her - self, yet Sal - ly's daugh-ter, Spend my mon- ey on Sal - ly Brown.
called me "boy and Dil - ly Dal - ly," Spend my mon- ey on Sal - ly Brown.
eyes are blue, her hair is curl - y, Spend my mon- ey on Sal - ly Brown.

f

4 The sweetest flower of the valley,
Aye, aye, roll and go!
Is my dear girl, my pretty Sally,
Spend my money on Sally Brown.

5 Oh! Sally Brown I had to leave you,
Aye, aye, roll and go!
But trust me that I'll not deceive you,
Spend my money on Sally Brown.

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Homeward Bound

Arr. by Seth Bingham

Solo — Chorus

1. We're home - ward bound this ver - y day, Good -bye, fare you
2. We're home - ward bound to Bos - ton town, Good -bye, fare you
3. We're home - ward bound, that joy - ful sound, Good -bye, fare you
4. We're home - ward bound, and our sails are set, Good -bye, fare you

Tempo di valse

f

Solo

well, good - bye, fare you well. We're home - ward bound this
well, good - bye, fare you well. That's where the girls will
well, good - bye, fare you well. We'll heave on the cap- stan and
well, good - bye, fare you well. Good - bye to the girls on the

mf

Chorus

ver - y day, Hur - rah! my boys, we're home - ward bound.
all . flock down, Hur - rah! my boys, we're home - ward bound.
make it spin round, Hur - rah! my boys, we're home - ward bound.
pier with re - gret, Hur - rah! my boys, we're home - ward bound.

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Blow the Man Down

Arr. by Seth Bingham

Solo

Chorus

1. I'll sing you a - song, a good song of the sea, To my aye,

Allegro

f *ff*

Solo

aye, blow the man down! And trust that you'll join in the

f

Chorus

cho - rus with me; Give me some time to blow the man down.

ff

8va ad lib.

2 There was an old skipper, I don't know his name, Cho.
Although he once played a remarkable game. Cho.

3 For his ship lay becalmed in the tropical seas, Cho.
And he whistled all day, but in vain for a breeze.* Cho.

4 But a seal heard his whistle and loudly did call,[1] Cho.
"Roll up your white canvas, jib, spanker, and all." Cho.

* During a calm, sailors whistle, believing a breeze will come in answer
[1] Seals are said to be fond of music

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Blow the Man Down

5 I'll bring some good fish to consult, if you please, CHO.
The best way to get you a nice little breeze. CHO.

6 The first fish to come was a hoary old shark, CHO.
Saying, "I'll eat you up if you play any lark." CHO.

7 The next was a whale, aye, the biggest of all, CHO.
He climbed up aloft and he let each sail fall. CHO.

8 Then the breeze it blew gaily, and gaily went he, CHO.
But what an old rascal that skipper must be. CHO.

9 Blow the man down, Johnny, blow the man down, CHO.
If he be a white man, or black man, or brown. CHO.

Hanging Johnnie

Arr. by SETH BINGHAM

SOLO — CHORUS — SOLO

1. They call me hang-ing John-nie, Hoo - ray, hoo - ray! . They
3. I'd hang the high-way rob-ber, Hoo - ray, hoo - ray! . I'd
4. I'd hang a not - ed li - ar, Hoo - ray, hoo - ray! . I'd
7. I'd hang to make things jol - ly, Hoo - ray, hoo - ray! . I'd

Allegretto

mf *f* *mf*

CHORUS

call me hang - ing John - nie. Hang, boys, hang. .
hang the pi - rate job - ber; Hang, boys, hang. .
hang the for - mer Kai - ser; Hang, boys, hang. .
hang all wrong and fol - ly; Hang, boys, hang. .

f

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Reuben Ranzo

Arr. by Seth Bingham

Solo — Chorus

1. Oh poor old Reu - ben Ran - zo, Ran - zo, boys,
2. Ran - zo was no sail - or, Ran - zo, boys,
3. Ran - zo joined the "Beau - ty," Ran - zo, boys,
4. His skip - per was a dan - dy, Ran - zo, boys,

Allegretto

mf *f*

Solo — Chorus

Ran - zo, Hur - rah! for Reu - ben Ran - zo, Ran - zo, boys. Ran - zo.
Ran - zo, Ran - zo was a tail - or, Ran - zo, boys, Ran - zo.
Ran - zo, And did not know his du - ty; Ran - zo, boys, Ran - zo.
Ran - zo, And was too fond of bran - dy; Ran - zo, boys, Ran - zo.

mf *f*

5 He called Ranzo a lubber,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo,
And made him eat whale blubber;
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

6 The "Beauty" was a whaler,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo,
Ranzo was no sailor;
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

7 They set him holy-stoning,*
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo,
And cared not for his groaning,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

8 They gave him "lashes twenty";
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo,
Nineteen more than plenty—
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

* Stones used for cleaning ships' decks are called holy-stones.

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Reuben Ranzo

9 Reuben Ranzo fainted,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo,
His back with oil was painted;
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

10 They gave him cake and whisky,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo,
Which made him rather frisky;
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

11 They made him the best sailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo,
Sailing on that whaler;
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

12 They put him navigating,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo,
And gave him extra rating,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

13 Ranzo now is skipper,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo,
Of a China clipper;
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

14 Ranzo was a tailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo,
Now he is a sailor;
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

Haul Away, Joe

Arr. by Seth Bingham

1. Way, haul a - way; O, haul a - way, my Ro - sey.
2. Once I loved a Har - lem[1] girl but she was fat and la - zy,
3. Then I loved a Brook - lyn[1] girl, she near - ly drove me cra - zy,
4. Then I loved a Nor - folk[1] girl and she was just a dai - sy,

f

Way, haul a- way, O, haul a - way, Joe. Joe.

Last time

Last time

[1] The girl may live in any place, the name of which consists of two syllables.

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A-Roving

Arr. by Seth Bingham

Lively

1. In Am - ster- dam there lives a maid, Mark you well what I say! In Am - ster- dam there lives a maid, And she is mis - tress of her trade, I'll go no more a - rov - ing from you, fair maid.
2. Her eyes are like two stars so bright, Mark you well what I say! Her eyes are like two stars so bright, Her face is fair, her step is light; I'll go no more a - rov - ing from you, fair maid.
3. I love this fair maid as my life, Mark you well what I say! I love this fair maid as my life, And soon she'll be my lit - tle wife: I'll go no more a - rov - ing from you, fair maid.
4. And if you'd know this maid-en's name, Mark you well what I say! And if you'd know this maid-en's name, Why soon like mine, 'twill be the same; I'll go no more a - rov - ing from you, fair maid.

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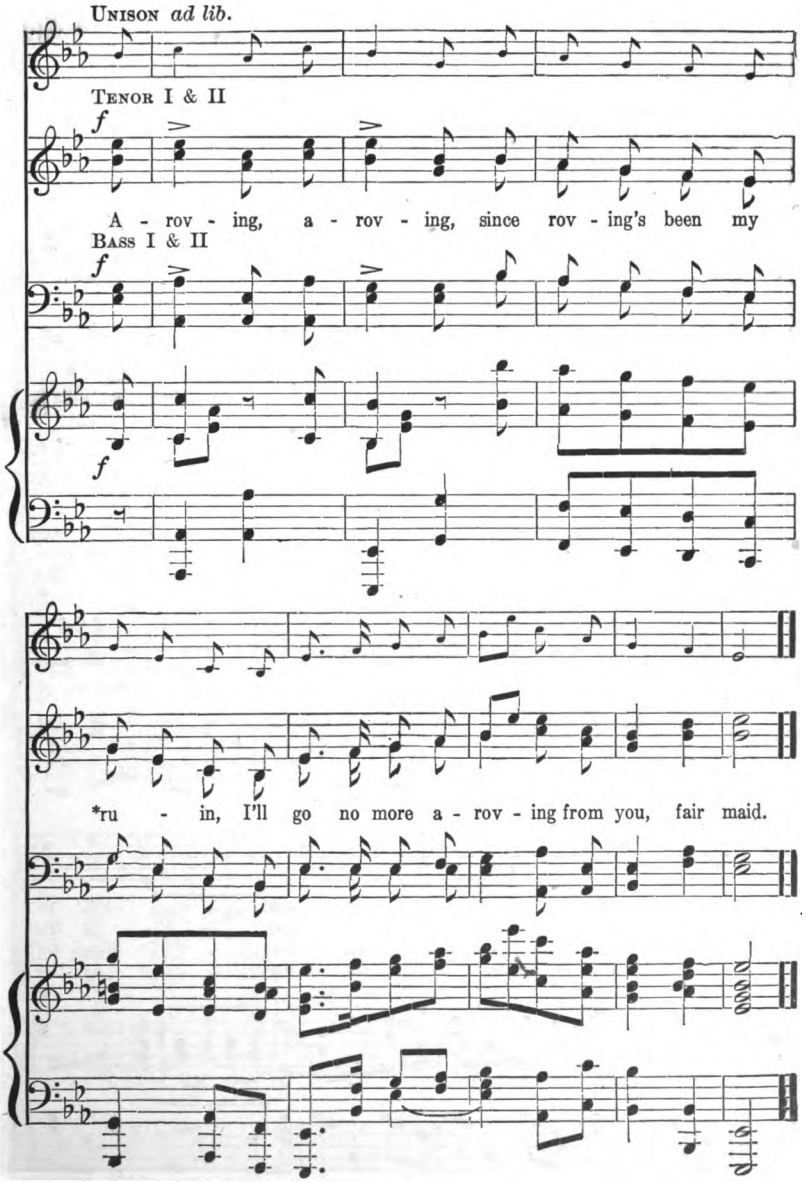
A-Roving



* Sometimes pronounced ru-eye-in.

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The Marines' Hymn

March tempo Arr. by A. Tregina, U. S. Marine Band

1. From the Halls of Mon - te - zu - ma To the shores of
2. Our flag's un - furl'd to ev - 'ry breeze From dawn to
* As we raised our flag at Tri - po - li And a - gain in
3. Here's health to you and to - our Corps Which we are

mf

Trip - o - li . . . We fight our coun - try's bat -
set - ting sun; . . . We have fought in ev - 'ry clime and
Mex - i - co, . . . So we took Cha - teau Thier -
proud to serve; . . In man - y a strife we've fought for

tles On the land as on the sea; . . . . First to
place Where we could take a gun; . . . . In the
ry And the for - est of Bel - leau; . . . . When we
life And nev - er lost our nerve; . . . If the

* Additional verse Author unknown.

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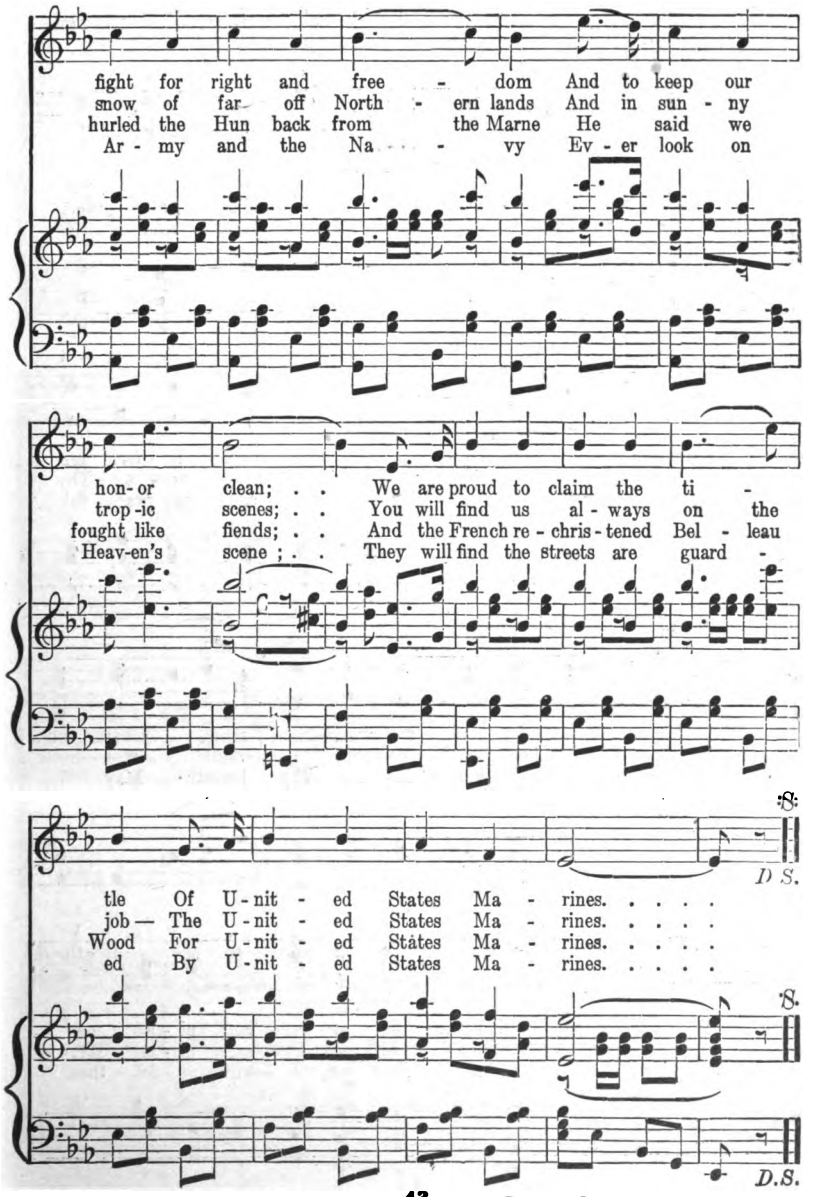
The Marines' Hymn



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Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me

E. Hopper, D.D.

J. E. Gould
Arr. by William A. Thayer

Melody in 2nd Tenor
Tenor I & II, *8va lower*

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst
3. When at last I near the shore, And the

Bass I & II

life's tem - pest - uous sea; Un - known waves be - fore me
hush the o - cean wild; Bois - t'rous waves o - bey Thy
fear - ful break - ers roar 'Twixt me and the peace - ful

roll, Hid - ing rock and treach-'rous shoal, Chart and
will, When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!" Won - drous
rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast, May I

com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

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Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy

B. P. Bliss
Melody in 1st Bass
Tenor I & II, *8va lower*

P. P. Bliss
Arr. by Wm. A. Thayer

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa - ther's mer- cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set -tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth- er; Some poor sail - or tem - pest tossed,

Bass I & II

But to us He gives the keep -ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long- ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

Refrain

Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

Some poor faint - ing, strug-gling sea-man You may res- cue, you may save.

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Throw Out the Life-Line

E. S. U.
Melody in 2D TENOR
TENOR I & II, *8va lower*

Rev. EDWIN S. UFFORD
Arr. by WM. A. THAYER

1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they

BASS I & II

broth-er whom some one should save; Some-bod-y's broth-er! oh,
tar-ry, why lin-ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh,
an-guish where you've nev-er been: Winds of temp-ta-tion and
drift to e-ter-ni-ty's shore; Haste then, my broth-er, no

who, then, will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share?
hast-en to-day—And out with the Life-Boat! a-way, then, a-way!
bil-lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
time for de-lay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.

CHORUS

Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line!

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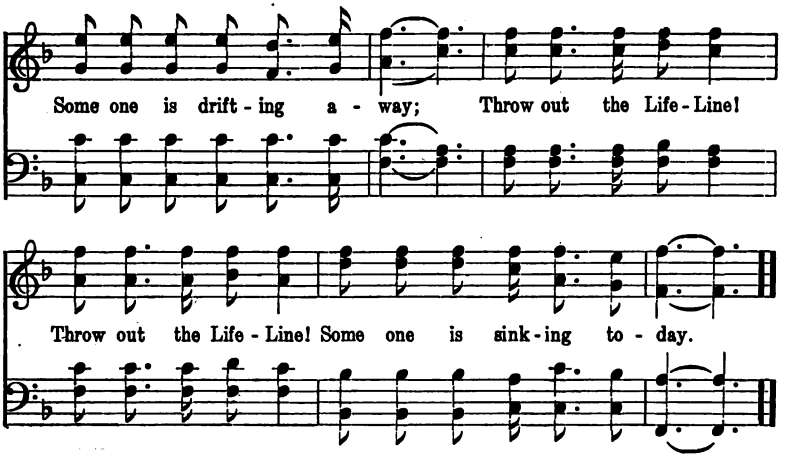
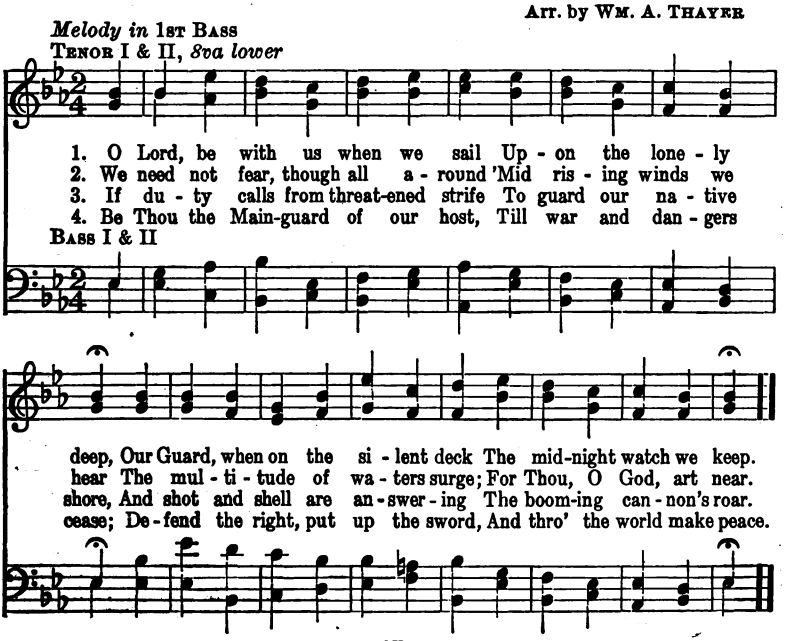
Throw Out the Life-Line



O Lord, Be With Us When We Sail

(Dundee. C. M.)

Arr. by Wm. A. Thayer



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Nearer, My God, to Thee

SARAH F. ADAMS — LOWELL MASON.

TENOR I & II, *8va lower*

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee;
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down,
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven;
4. Then with my wak - ing thoughts Bright with Thy praise,
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky,

BASS I & II

E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me,
Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone;
All that Thou send - est me, In mer - cy given;
Out of my sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise;
Sun, moon, and stars for - got, Up - ward I fly,

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

* Brackets [ ] indicate melody.

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G. B. C.
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